A POEM ON THE ARRIVAL OF Queen MARY.

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Written by Mr. *RYMER.*

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XUM

A POEM.

BEhold deſcending on our *Engliſh* Shore,
The like not born on Land, or Seas before.
Her Face if from their Sea old *Greece* had ſeen,
Flat they had Worſhip'd Love's Almighty Queen.
Yet, if obſerv'd Her Mien, Her Conduct, they
Muſt have confeſs'd Her *Pallas* every way
But had Her Power, and marvelous Might been told,
What Clouds She gather'd, and what Thunder roul'd;
What Scepters bow, what boundleſs Empire waits,
Whilſt She deals forth their Adamantine Fates;
None to compare, none could they find above,
But cry, O She! the very Mate of *Jove!*
To our bright Theme how look theſe Legends Vane,
Aukward their Nymphs, their Goddeſſes prophane?
The *Grecian* Muſe, their Rapture and their Rage,
Their ſtreams of Nectar, and their Golden Age,
All now fulfill'd; That Poetry and Stile
Gave only blind Prophetick Hints the while.

No ſooner Her fair Influence aroſe,
What Glorious Scenes new Light, new Life diſcloſe?
When plung'd in Night, and black Deſpair we lay,
One glympſe from Her ſet open all our Day.
Vice over-flow'd, and dilug'd all around;
Injuſtice ran, diſdaining Bank, or Bound;
The World was loſt, no Hoſpitable Shore,
All Order gone, and Beauty was no more.
When drooping Vertue no Retreat could find;
When no Remains of reaſonable kind;
No Spirit left; no ſpark of Senſe was ſhown,
Above the level of a Stock or Stone.
She ſtrikes the Rock, the rudeſt Rocks Obey;
New Life invades, and animates our Clay.

Deucalion's Bride leſs wonderful appear'd,
When Humane Kind were from blew Quarries rear'd.
Our Clods no longer their hard Fates reſtrain,
But, out of hand, all ſcatter into men:
The Log, the Lumber, and more ſtupid Race,
Take Humane Form, and reaſonable Face;
They bleſs the Hand that does their Senſe reſtore,
And now reſemble the old Block no more.

She turns the mighty Machine of Affairs,
Strikes Harmony throughout the jangling Spheres:
The Elements, ſet free, reſume their Place,
And Nature ſhines, with Triumphs in Her Face.
Love ſhakes his Wings, mad Animoſities
Lye ſtill and huſht, beneath the healing Breeze.
No Diſcords range; all from the angry heap,
Charm'd, into Form, and Beauteous Order leap.
With Godike State, above Mechanick ſway,
She ſits, and ſees the ſecond Cauſes Play;
Unmov'd Her Self, with an untroubl'd Brow,
Beholds the Thorns that vex Crown'd Heads below;
The Active Part Her Mighty Conſort takes;
And, for the Weal of Humane Kind He wakes.
Beneath Her Eyes His Generous Heart inſpir'd,
His Arm is ſtrengthned, and His Proweſs fir'd:
Cheer'd by Her Rays His Care ſalutes the Morn,
The Weſt, and fartheſt Poles ſecurely turn:
His Providence, through Stratagem, and Steel,
Drives on, no Jolt, nor ever cools the Wheel.
So long, amongſt the *Dutch* Her Preſence ſeen,
For ever ſtamps that Commonwealth Serene.
Thence ſhall the Monarch wave His nice Debates,
And ſtrike before their Majeſty, the States.
Tho' through the Maſs of Things Her Vertue run;
And all from Her theſe Miracles are done.
Her no Ambition moves, nor is She Proud,
Save, in the Glorious Power of doing Good:
So may She ſtill above proceed a Queen,
If She, on Earth, ſhould ever ceaſe to Reign.

FINIS.

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